Hymn Lyrics – Palm Sunday – 3/24/24

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1 All glory, laud, and honor

to you, Redeemer, King,

to whom the lips of children

made sweet hosannas ring.

You are the King of Israel

and David's royal Son,

now in the Lord's name coming,

the King and Blessed One.

2 The company of angels

is praising you on high;

and we with all creation

in chorus make reply.

The people of the Hebrews

with palms before you went;

our praise and prayer and anthems

before you we present.

3 To you before your passion

they sang their hymns of praise;

to you, now high exalted,

our melody we raise.

As you received their praises,

accept the prayers we bring,

for you delight in goodness,

O good and gracious King!

1 My song is love unknown–

my Savior’s love to me;

love to the loveless shown,

that they might lovely be.

Oh, who am I, that for my sake

my Lord should take frail flesh and die?

2 He came from His blest throne

salvation to bestow;

but men made strange, and none

the longed for Christ would know.

But oh, my Friend, my Friend indeed,

who at my need His life did spend!

3 Sometimes they strew His way,

and His sweet praises sing;

resounding all the day

hosannas to their King.

Then “Crucify!” is all their breath,

and for His death they thirst and cry.

4 Why, what hath my Lord done?

What makes this rage and spite?

He made the lame to run;

He gave the blind their sight.

Sweet injuries! Yet they at these

themselves displease,

and 'gainst Him rise.

5 They rise, and needs will have

my dear Lord made away.

A murderer they save;

the Prince of Life they slay.

Yet cheerful He to suff'ring goes,

that He His foes from thence might free.

6 In life, no house, no home

my Lord on earth might have;

in death, no friendly tomb

but what a stranger gave.

What may I say? Heav'n was His home;

but mine the tomb wherein He lay.

7 Here might I stay and sing–

no story so divine!

Never was love, dear King,

never was grief like Thine.

This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise

I all my days could gladly spend.